

Disintegrate by hitokiri

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Summary:

Billy Hargrove's roots, before they move from California to Hawkins. How he comes to blame Max for them moving, and why he picks on Steve Harrington so much. How his life disintegrates before his eyes, and there's nothing he can do about it.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

This is a work in progress, obviously. I wanted a backstory for Billy, so this is what I came up with. He's a dick, but I'm fond of him. Whether I keep posting or not really depends on if anyone deems it worth finishing. This chapter is pre-Hawkins, and what happened in my head that they ended up in Hawkins. It will be Billy/Steve because I'm attached to the ship since he called Steve "pretty boy".

The existence of these characters are spoilers for season 2, but I'm not going to be writing the ST2 timeline. Just my own Billy scenes I deem important.

There is homophobic language and underage sex (nothing explicit yet, but I'm covering my bases). There is referenced underage M/M oral sex, and referenced M/F sex. And considering who Neil Hargrove is, there's physical abuse on a minor. Underage smoking. Etc. You have been warned.

Billy has a dirty mouth, so he's a warning all on his own.

It's short because I'm testing the waters.

His dad found him pressing Trevor McGreevy against the supports under the bleachers when he was fourteen. Called him a faggot and dragged him to his pickup truck and told him to get the fuck in. Reamed him a new one the entire drive home and then beat the shit out of him once the front door was locked. Told him he was a pussy for not getting back up and told him to clean up the house while he watched TV and drank a beer.

Things didn't exactly get better when he met Susan, but they didn't get worse either. He gained a stepsister who he couldn't fucking stand because his father said she 'had bigger balls than his faggot son.'

He wasn't a faggot, he just liked the way guys were harder to push down than girls. He liked the strength pushing back against him instead of soft, petal skin. But fuck yeah, he liked his fair share of girls, too. He liked sluts and he liked pristine, untouched girls. He liked when they moaned good and dirty for him while pulling his hair. Sharing a smoke after a good fuck felt good, too.

But he certainly wasn't a fucking faggot. He just liked to fuck.

So he started being more careful. Made sure he was never even a minute late to the front of the school when his dad came to pick him and Maxine up and saved his extracurriculars for during lunch and study periods. And he started working out in the weight room. He wanted to be nothing like what his dad always called him. He wanted to get strong and not be considered a faggot anymore.

When he was sixteen, Maxine got a skateboard and told everyone to stop calling her Maxine, her name is Max. It made Billy feel even fucking worse because she wanted to go by a boys' name, and started dressing like a boy, and rode a skateboard like all the other kids in California, and he fucking hated it. He worked out more and toned his muscles and left no part of him to appear weak or frail because he was never that.

He didn't stop getting guys to blow him in the bathroom while he smoked a cigarette, and he didn't stop fucking every girl that stared at his ass in his tight jeans. He was still Billy Hargrove, badass that every guy wanted to be, and heartthrob that every girl wanted a piece of.

He wasn't a faggot.

Until fucking Max saw him after school one day, fucking hard into some jock's mouth under the bleachers by the football field. The jock was taking it like a champion, moaning more like a slut than the quarterback he was supposed to be. He lost track of time because this guy could fucking suck dick. He was on his third cigarette by the time he was close, when Max gasped somewhere to his left.

He was supposed to drive her home since he had a car finally. Now he's fucked.

"What the fuck are you doing?"

"Shit." He shoved Ron or Rob or whatever the jock's name was and tucked himself back into his jeans. "Max--"

"Neil is going to fucking kill you."

"Don't you fucking--"

But she was gone, on her skateboard and making her way home.

Billy expected a shallow grave to be dug in the yard by the time he made it home, but only Max was there and he breathed a sigh of relief. He wanted to fucking kill her, but he figured he could spare some time to be nice to her for once so she doesn't say a word.

She opens her mouth, "So...you are everything Neil says you are."

"Shut the fuck up."

"You're a--"

"Don't fucking do it, Max. Don't say it or I'll--"

"What?" she taunts, "You'll what, Billy?"

He fucking hates his stepsister because all she does is smirk when he doesn't say a word.

She ends up telling Susan. She's a nice woman, but Billy doesn't trust her. Any woman willing to be with Billy's father can't be trusted. And Susan...Susan of course tells Neil. She tries to make light of it and she tries to keep him calm, but he blows up and beats Billy half to death and tells him San Francisco is full of faggots and they're leaving. They're leaving this disgusting city and going somewhere where people like Billy aren't accepted.

Where the fuck he comes up with Hawkins, Indiana, Billy has no fucking idea, but he fucking hates it.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy hates Steve Harrington.

Notes for the Chapter:

Billy/Steve interaction! Yay! Another short chapter, but again, I'm still feeling it out. Don't hate me.

Thank you for the reviews! I hope you guys like this chapter too. :)

Steve Harrington was everything Billy hated in a person.

He was perfect in an unconventional way. He had money, he had a hot girlfriend, and he had basketball. His hair was perfect, for fuck's sake. And his face was pretty.

Guys with pretty faces made Billy want to break them in the worst way.

So he started with basketball. He was always athletic, even more so after he started lifting weights and working out regularly, so he was easily able to get on the basketball team. His school back in California focused a lot more on football, but their basketball team was halfway decent; one of the good things Sunny California had going for it. So far he'd found nothing good in Midwest Bumblefuck, Indiana, home of rotting pumpkins.

He had to admit Steve was good at basketball -- that couldn't be taken away from him -- but his existence pissed Billy off so bad that he wanted to take everything else from him.

Steve hits the ground for the third time and Billy smirks down at him. "Plant your feet, Harrington. Stand your ground. Nobody wants to see their king on the floor."

"Fuck off," Steve says, standing up from the gym floor. They lock eyes, Steve glaring while Billy continues smirking. Coach yells for

them to hit the showers and the moment is gone. He makes note that Steve takes quick showers after their encounters and resolves to take even quicker ones to stop him next time.

Even with basketball practice after school, Max can't even make it to the car on time. He's got a blonde bitch against his side, leaning on the passenger side door with him while they wait for his stepsister to come out of the school.

Blondie's the clingy type, he can tell immediately. She'll slip her phone number in his back pocket, caress his ass, and tell him she'll be waiting for next time. There won't be a next time because all his fucks are a one time thing. He doesn't want an attachment. He wants something to stick his dick into that will moan prettily and beg him for more, then pass right by him tomorrow in the hallway like they didn't leave his car smelling like sex and cigarettes.

He never looks at somebody twice.

But for some reason Steve Harrington won't get out of his head and it's pissing him off even more. Maybe if he fucks him he can get the pretty bitch out of his head like all the rest.

Max skates up to them and Billy throws his cigarette onto the asphalt. "Get in the car." Per usual, Max climbs into the back when Billy has tail, and Becky, Brianne -- whatever her name is -- gets into the passenger seat. "How many times do I have to tell you? If you're late, you're riding your fucking skateboard home."

"Whatever," she mutters under her breath, but the look he gives her in the rearview mirror shuts her right up.

He drops her off at home to no parents because they won't be back for days and takes Bridgette to the quarry to fuck her in the backseat. She's average and not all that great once you get between her legs, but she's warm and it feels great on a chilly October night. He says nothing when he drives her home, just smokes his cigarette and peels out of her driveway to get back home, not even bothering to see to it that she gets safely into her house.

Max is fucking with the trucks on her skateboard and eating cereal

because Billy won't cook for her anyway. He walks right past her smelling like sweat and sex and heads for his barbells; he might as well work out since he's already sweaty.

In the mirror he can see her put her bowl in the sink, grab her skateboard, and head to her room. "Better not be thinking I'm washing that," he says, and she slams the door in response. He cranks Kill 'Em All and does ten more reps before heading into the bathroom to shower.

He thinks about Steve Harrington and his pretty face and what he'd like to do with it, jerking off in the shower thinking about coming all over the king's face and making him beg until he's crying. He wonders what it would be like to break a boy like that, and if it would be satisfying to take him apart inch by inch until there's nothing left, or if it would just make Billy feel emptier in this hollow life he's stuck in.

Hawkins fucking blows.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please tell me how it was!

3. Chapter 3

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy is mildly unstable. More Billy & Max interaction and little pieces of his past.

Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry my chapters are so short~

Max made friends with some dipshit boys who chase after her like she's the best thing they've ever seen. Billy knows better. Billy knows who she really is -- a life-ruiner. She came into his life and shattered the very little relationship he had with his father by revealing the things Billy does in the dark. He spent two years working himself back to being just a piece of shit instead of a piece of shit faggot in his father's eyes, only for it to come crashing right back down.

He hates his father; he always got the shit kicked out of him regardless, but at least when he was just a piece of shit, he didn't get knocked unconscious like he does when he's a piece of shit faggot.

Now, he's always a piece of shit faggot and Max will pay for that.

The little black kid seems to be the one she likes the best -- Lucas Sinclair. So Lucas Sinclair will be the one that Billy hates the most in the group. He doesn't give a shit what that makes him look like. Max needs to suffer the way he suffered. Max needs to understand what she started by forcing them to move away from California to this bumfuck shit town in Indiana.

Neil Hargrove hated everything that he didn't consider 'normal'. He beat the shit out of Billy when he was twelve for bringing home his first black friend. Billy didn't understand what was wrong with Bryan, or why his father told him to "get that trash out of my fucking house, you piece of shit." All he knew was that Bryan was afraid to talk to him after that, not for Billy's lack of trying. Billy had a black eye for almost two weeks, and he had to walk home.

But after that, his father learned not to touch his face at least. It brought too many questions from teachers.

It wasn't anything against Lucas; Billy just really fucking hated Max. He knew Neil would never lay a hand on Susan's daughter -- Billy didn't want to see her get beat up anyway, he wasn't like that -- but he wanted to ruin everything else for her like she did him.

In California, he could hide. He could easily pinpoint which boys liked to suck dick and which boys not to push onto their knees. But here? Here, in the middle of fucking nowhere, no guys showed even an inkling of interest in Billy. It was more taboo here than any other place he'd ever lived. It was still taboo in San Francisco, but also more common. It was easy to get around. Most of the tough football jocks begged for it. They'd cry when the tip would touch the back of their throat, but they'd also hold onto him so he kept going. And fuck, did he keep going. Tears were such a turn on.

She ruined his fun. Guys sucked dick so much better because they knew what they like, so they'd do it the way Billy liked it, too.

How the fuck will he ever find that in Hawkins?

"Stay away from that kid."

"What?"

"You heard me. I said stay away from him."

She glares at him from the passenger seat, but doesn't say anything else. He knows she won't listen, but he's also banking on that. He wants her to get closer to him so it hurts more when they're wrenched apart. He wants her to suffer.

"I'm going to the arcade later," she says, no longer looking at him. Her fingers absentmindedly roll two of the wheels on her skateboard out of the corner of his eye. He ignores her. "Did you hear me?"

"Yeah, I fucking heard you," he replies, fingers clenching on the steering wheel. "But that doesn't mean I'm driving you. I have plans."

"Who would want to make plans with you?"

He grabs her by the collar of her shirt and leans in close, eyes wild. She tries to back away, but he holds tight. They're face to face. The panicked look in her face is almost enough. *Almost.*

"Billy," she grinds through her teeth, struggling under his grip, "the road, you dipshit!" but he's looking only at her. His foot steps on the gas and the fear in her eyes brings a wide grin upon his face. It's like breathing in the first snow -- peaceful, calming -- and he wants to hold onto this for a while. "Billy!"

He slams on the brakes and lets go of her shirt simultaneously. They stare at each other in silence, his Camaro stopped in the middle of the deserted road. A laugh bursts from his lungs while she catches her breath. Billy feels more alive than he has in a long time.

She gets out of the car and rides her skateboard the rest of the way home. Billy doesn't bother going home.

4. Chapter 4

Summary for the Chapter:

Halloween party~ Ya boi Steve is in this chapter for a minute.

Someone told me they want it more descriptive... I tried.

The knock on his bedroom door is heavy and loud; he can hear it over Judas Priest. "What," he says in an even, if annoyed, tone. His father barges into his room and he closes his eyes briefly, shuts off his music, and waits. He knows exactly what Neil wants.

"Listen, you little shit," Neil says, pointing a finger at him. "You're going to take your little sister out--"

"Stepsister," Billy mutters.

--and make sure she's safe tonight. We're in a new town, a new state, and she doesn't know her way around somewhere so different-- Are you fucking listening to me?"

Billy says, "Yes, dad," but he couldn't give a shit if anything happens to Max or not. It's Halloween and he already has plans. She can go trick or treating by herself for all Billy cares. "I got it."

"That's right," Neil says, "Susan and I are going out of town for the night." Billy rolls his eyes. 'Out of town' means some cheap ass bar where they can get drunk, and then a seedy motel so they can fuck without Max having to be anywhere near. Billy wishes he had the same decency offered to him at Max's age, when Neil would bring home a different bitch every week to fuck in the next room over from his. He doesn't complain because it gets his father away from him for a good eighteen hours or so. "If anything happens to Maxine while we're gone..."

He doesn't bother correcting him on Max's name; the man doesn't understand people like Billy or Max or anyone he doesn't consider

normal. "She'll be fine."

Neil closes his door with a slam. Billy presses play and lights a cigarette. Eat Me Alive blares through the speakers and he wishes he was anywhere else. The rumble of Neil's engine can be faintly heard from Billy's bedroom window and he sighs in relief when they pull out of the driveway to go wherever the fuck they're going.

Max is outside his door when he opens it. She's got a Michael Myers mask and an empty bag in one hand and her skateboard in the other. "Mom said you're taking me out," she says, almost cautiously.

"I'm dropping you off where all the other weird ass kids are going to be tonight, but that's it, shitbird."

"Don't call me that."

His interaction with his dad left him feeling drained, like he hasn't slept in a week. He knows what it feels like not to sleep. Before Susan, Billy would go for days without sleep because he needed to be ready and alert. Neil could fly off the handle at any given moment, and Billy had to be able to protect himself. Now, Billy is stronger, more tolerant of pain, and less of a target. Neil isn't exactly happy, but he's not as unbearable as he used to be before Susan. But it doesn't stop him from feeling both mentally and physically drained after encountering his father.

He pushes past Max, flinging his jacket over his shoulder. He's got a white Rolling Stones tshirt on that he knows won't be on long. He doesn't love his body, but he's proud of what he's become the past few years. He toned his muscles and has gotten into less and less fights with Neil, so there aren't nearly as many bruises marring his skin as there used to be. In a few months he'll be 18, and he'll finish school, and he'll take his Camaro out of this shit town and never look back again. He's waiting for that day.

"Just get in the car," he says, grabbing his keys from the table and heading out the front door. Max follows behind and turns the lock on the door handle. The engine revs and Billy listens to it to calm himself down a moment. He lights another cigarette and backs out of the driveway, heading toward the suburban part of town, where he

knows all the kids will be running around getting candy. "Shitbird," he says, making Max turn to glare at him, "Don't get yourself kidnapped. Dad will fucking kill me." She slams the passenger door and he laughs, speeding away.

He ends up at the party everyone was talking about. He had stuffed the flyer from that chick into his glove compartment, planning on ignoring it and getting drunk all on his own, but if his bitch of a stepsister can go out, he can too. He takes off his tshirt and puts his leather jacket on.

As luck would have it, Steve Harrington is there looking like a fucking tool in his sunglasses. Billy would laugh if it wasn't so goddamn sad. He and his prissy girlfriend are such an uneven match, Billy has no idea why they're even together.

"There he is!"

One of the guys he recognizes from basketball practice puts an arm around Billy's shoulders and hands him a beer. He drinks it in one swig, crushing the red cup once it's empty. The taste makes him feel more like himself and he drops the plastic cup onto the ground and goes for another. Before he knows what he's doing, he's downing his fifth beer. His skin is sticky from beer spilling down his chin and he gives a loud whoop as a sixth cup makes its way to his mouth.

It's chilly outside -- it's so fucking different from October in California, he can't stand it -- but the beer is keeping him warm. It's down his chest, it's in his hair, but there are idiots trying to do keg stands and he wants in on that shit.

"Harrington holds the record," someone says to his right. He crushes the sixth -- seventh? -- cup in his hand and throws it down to the ground.

"Fuck Harrington," Billy says, shoving the next kid in line for a keg stand. "This shit is mine."

Everyone is chanting his name as he flips himself onto his hands on the keg. He's so fucking proud of all the working out he's been doing because it's almost effortless. Someone's holding his legs for him and

he grabs the tap, downing the beer. It's getting everywhere but he doesn't care because this? This is something else he can do better than Steve Harrington. There's going to be a new kind at Hawkins High and it won't fucking be Harrington anymore.

He's so trashed he doesn't hear how long he was up there for, but he does hear: "He's the new Keg King!" He's covered in beer and drunk off his ass, but so fucking glad he can beat Harrington at something else.

He's handed a cigarette which he puffs on gladly, walking back into the house to find Harrington. There's a few people whose names he can't fucking remember -- did he ever know them? -- following him around the house. One announces that he's the new Keg King to Harrington. Billy lives for the face Steve gives him, takes another puff of his cigarette and smirks. If he could break Steve's composure every day, he would fucking try.

His smirk gets more smug when Steve's girl walks away. He winks at Steve, lifting his eyebrows suggestively. Three points for Billy for making Harrington seem like a loser three times in one week.

He pays partial attention to the king he just dethroned, watching the way his face drops every time his girlfriend and he argue. Part of Billy wants to cut him a break, while the rest of him wants to make Harrington's life a living hell.

It's not until the fruity drink she'd been drinking from the punch bowl spills all over her white shirt and they go into the bathroom together that Billy actually becomes *interested*. He takes another swig of beer and waits close enough that he can hear, but not too close that it looks like he cares. He doesn't *care*, he just wants to see perfect Steve Harrington crumble.

And god, when she breaks his heart in that bathroom, and he comes out with that face... Billy wants to both live with that look on Harrington's face in his mind forever, but also die because it's so fucking sad.

He doesn't care what happens after that. Covered in beer and sweat, he gets back in his Camaro and drives back to the neighborhood he

left Max at. Despite being inebriated, vision fuzzy, body warm from alcohol consumption, he knows Neil would fucking kill him if Max didn't make it home safe.

Author's Note:

Please tell me what you think.